

A
Magical Vision,
Or a Perfect
DISCOVERY
Of the
FALLACIES
Of
WITCHCRAFT

As it was lately represented in a pleasant
sweet Dream to a Holy sweet Sister, a faithful
and pretious Assertor of the Family of the
Stand-hups, for preservation of the Saints, from
being tainted with the Heresies of the Congre-
gations of the *Dou-Lissas*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Thomas Palmer*, at the Crown
in *Westminster-Hall*. 1673.

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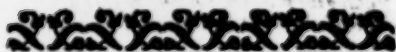
TO THE
READER.

KInd Reader ben't a sham'd to embrace Truth,
Though Naked couch'd in these few sheets
(insooth.)

She is but little ('tis folly for to lie.)
But than sh' as th' other good commodity,
She's Pretty, pleasant, brisk and debonaire.
And no less witty, that I can assure;
Which I dare to avouch, you won't deny
So soon as once observ'd Her linx his eye,
How she doth launch out in discovery,
O' th' juggling tricks e' th' fond Fraterniry.
The Humours, Fopperies, which now do reign,
In these imposs'trous elements o' th' brain.
Then view Her well; and tell me when you've don.
How often you have met with such a one,
So little, and so pretty, and so all
Compleat; if you in love do with her fall
I shall be glad, and may a thousand more
Be of your mind, and buy them by the score;
I shall be glad, for you will reap Delight
I trust, and I the Profit; So good Nighs.

T. P.





W *Has strange conjunction 's this here 's grown
A Mole-hill and the sowing Alps in one.*

*Or rather truth; the golden Legend shuns
Once more within the cloyster of a Nun.
Then throw your Euclids by, and only look
To th' propositions of this little Book;
And you'll conclude, Truth doth as clearly lie
Here, as i'th' maxims of Philosophy.
But (naked) properly I cannot say
Cause clad in so most sumptuous array;
As if the Author meant in this small piece,
Forthwith to show the Arts and Sciences.
But some may say this Volume is too small,
To rear an Heronian Arch, or Escorial
To his dilated Fame.—O, 'tis not much
Perpetuates our Memory, but such.
Age is not sum'd by years but hours, as Times
So Works are ballanc'd not by Leats but Lines.
In contract, (Sir) the naked truth is this,
Your pithy Treatise most ingenious is,
And more than that, just is the Accusation
You're charg'd with, this learn'd Accumulation
Subverts the Fundamentals, 'in your crime
T' unbraid the State Poeticks of this time
With wit so exquisite, though Phœbus be
The Pleader, our votes n'er can set you free;
There's none need now go travel, we may see
At home both Sodom and fond Nineveh.
You've made the Devil blacker; dress in white,
Proving the white the worst Hypocrite.*

Fulling

*Pulling the Veil from the Reformers face,
Exposing th' fond Flims to just disgrace.
The play-munch'd Brother and his Tabitha
In their Carress; unawares betray.
The reeking steam sure of their Villanies
Would spot the Stars, and manfurness the Skies
Had you not their lewd paths and ways; uncons
So dexterously discri'd in naked Truth.*

F I N I S.



That there are Witches (in the common signification of the word) hath been confidently asserted, and as briskly opposed by the ingenious Penns of several modern Authors: Henceforwards none need doubt of it, that have but Faith enough to credit our relation of the following adventure; whereby we seek not to commit a Rape on any mans belief: But if any will persist in a state of infidelity, we leave them to be converted from their Errors by the horrors of some such like gasty Apparition.

'Tis something above a Moneth ago, that having trifled away the

(2)

best part of a Morning, in amusing my self with Doctor *Dee's* Legend of Spirits; I resolved on a walk to dissipate those vain ridiculous imaginations, which had thence invaded my Brain : To this purpose, I carelessly steer'd my course to a small Grove, whose stately Trees view their Branches in the Chrystal streams of a Neighbouring Brook. In which pleasing solitude I had not wandred half an hour, but a sudden drowfiness seized my Spirits, and I perceived an intruding Broomstaffe that violently thrust it self between my Legs, making me (spight of my Teeth) bestride it; mounted (like a delinquent Souldier) on the wooden *Pegasus*: I presently felt my self fly swifter than a *Parthian* Arrow through the yielding Air, and without remembring the place where I was taken up, was set down again on my feet in the midst
of

(3)

of a vast desert ; where I could find
no path, seeing there no footsteps
of humanity : I presently fancied it
to be some new World , and like
an adventrous *Columbus* would
needs discover further, but all my
strugling endeavours only satisfied
me in the impossibility of getting
forwards, and to add to my asto-
nishment, in a moment (as if I had
journeyed to the Antipodes) Noon
was turn'd to midnight, I saw the
Stars shine in the Firmament, with
a faint blewish Fire like wasted Can-
dles sunk into their Sockets, the
Moon was in her full, but paler
much than ordinary, she was thrice
Ecclipsed, and thrice sunk down
below her Circle : The murmuring
fountains were now grown mute,
and the Birds had forgot their
Chattering; not a Cock durst crow,
and yet the Lions throughout the
Wood trembled like the leaves of

(4)

Asps, neither the *Serpents* dreadful hisses, nor the howlings of Ravenous Wolves, nor the screechings of *Male-ominous Ravens* could be heard, all Creatures had no more motion than was necessary to express their fear by, and the horror of an astonishing silence that governed in every place, made it appear Nature was in suspence of some terrible accident : my fear began to grow as great as that, which the face of the Horizon seem'd troubled withal, when by the glimmering Moon-Light, I saw ascending out of a vast Grot or Cave situate at the foot of a Craggy Rock, o're spread with Ivy and Bushes, a tall venerable old man cloathed in a party coloured Vest of White and Green, with an austere countenance and swarthy Face, his Eyebrows thick as a *Cops*, and long as a *Horses* main, were curiously

ously turned back, and wound up about his Ears, a wall and frightful Eye he had, sunk above two Inches into his Head, his Beard carelessly thrown over his left Shoulder, and his Temples anointed with Oyl of Night-shade: On his Head he had a large Hood of Vervain, and about him a Girdle of May-Fearne Artificially wooven in Tresses; upon his Gown, near his Heart was fastned a *Bat* and a *Toad* both half dead, and about his Neck he wore a Collar, set with seven several precious stones, each of which wore the Character of that Planet that governed it: Thus mystically drest, and carrying in his left hand a Triangular Vial full of May-Dew, with his right a Sappy Elder Rod, one end of which was well tipt with a mixture of all Metals, and the other served as a handle to a little Brazen Censer fill'd with the choicest suffu-
miga-

migations: He kist thrice the floor
 of his Grot with a kind of supersti-
 tious Reverence, and having pulled
 off his right foot shoe, and flung
 it over his left Shoulder, and grum-
 bling brought out certain words
 from the bottom of his Stomack;
 he went backwards Nine paces, till
 he came under the Boughs of an
 old Oak over-run with Mistletoe,
 Four foot from which he drew three
 Circles one within the other, and
 the Earth obedient to his Necro-
 mantick charms, which ready trem-
 bling, put her self into those figures,
 which he designed to have made in
 her. In these Circles he wrote with
 his Middle finger, the names of
 the intelligences, as well of the
 age and Country as of the Year,
 Season, Moneth, Week, Day,
 Hour and Minute, each in its
 different Character and proper
 place, every one under its constel-
 lation.

lation, and with their respective due Ceremonies.

This tedious operation being dispatched, he put his Glass in the midst of the Circles, and opening it made a report louder than that of Cannon or Thunder, the small sharp end of his Rod, he plac'd between his fore-teeth, lay down with his face towards the East, and betook himself to his Repose; I (who you may think at that time had little mind to sleep) watch't him very narrowly, admiring what might be the upshot of so many strange formalities: about the midst of his Nap (which exceeded not half an hour) I saw Seven Fearn-seeds drop into the Vial, which when he waked he took out, and put two in each Ear, another into his Mouth, the Sixth again into the Glass, and the last he threw out of the Circles; but no sooner

sooner was it out of his Hand, but I saw it compassed by more than a Million (if my Arithmetick fail me not) of Mal-ominous Creatures, as well insects as others : He touch'd with his inchanting Caduceus, an Owl, a Fox and a Mole, which making a frightful Noise, instantly flung themselves into the Innermost Circle ; And he with no less speed began to rip open their bodies with a brass Knite, and taking out their Hearts, he wrapt them up in three Bayleaves, and a little Moss, & swallowed them, he took away their livers, which he squeezd over an Hexagonal Vessel, and then reiterating the suffumigations, mixt the Dew and the Blood together in a Basen, dipt in it a Glove of Virgin Parchment, which he put on his right Hand, and after Four or Five horrible howlings, closed his Eyes, and thus began his invocations.

Con-

*Conjuro & confirmo vos Schamaim
 Ashael Chiliarchus raquiem, Al-
 chocodomean, Tapthathara, Toffoffacan,
 Hamaguel, Zonthomphanchia, Hey-
 donia, with a many more cracking,
 thumping, blustering Termes, which
 had not my fears frighted the Art
 of memory out of my Head, and
 the place been inconvenient for
 Writing Short-hand, I would have
 registred for supplying the courteous
 Reader with terrible words, to still
 his bawling Children with. During
 all this Divelish Prayer, he was rai-
 sed from the Ground above a hands
 breadth, and ever now and then
 would fix his Eye on the Nail of
 his left forefinger; his Face was in-
 flamed, and he foamed at Mouth,
 like an over-ridden Hackney. But
 after this exercise concluded, and
 many groanings and gasty contorti-
 ons, he fell prostrate on his face,
 and I heard in his Throat a hum-
 ming*

(10)

ming as of many Voices together, from whence arising he became more strong than man, insomuch that without stirring, he stood the monstrous shock of a horrible wind, able to blow a Mountain up by the Roots, he caught a falling Thunderbolt in his Hand, and puffed out a Cloud full of Lightning; all which dreadful Artillery (I percieve) was discharged to force the old Gentleman to abandon his Circle, but he with an undaunted resolution maintaining his ground, the Circles themselves began with an incredible swiftness to whisk about under him: this was followed by a storm of Hail redder than Blood, which gave place to a much more terrible torrent of Bituminous Fire, that roard like Mount *Gibello* when it burst, and seem'd to rend the Air with dreadful claps of Thunder.

Thi

This served as an Epilogue to all this Tragedy of Horror, for immediately a fair Light dissipated these sad meteors, and a brisk young man in a Flame colour'd Mantle appear'd, he came riding post through the Air mounted with his right Leg on an Eagle, and the other on a Lynx, and in as Gentle and respective a manner, as if he had been one of *Belzebub's* Pages of honour, presented the *Magus* with three small Vials full of No-body knows what Liquor: The cunning man in requital made him a present of three Hairs, one pluck'd off from his Fore-head, the other two from his Temples, whereupon he was gently struck over the Shoulders, and between the Eyes with a small wand that his Spirit held, and then every thing vanish'd, and methoughts it appear'd about that time, when Stars grown pale at the arrival of

B

their

their illustrious Monarch the Sun,
joyned colour with the Heavens,
I emboldned by this approach of
day was just going to seek my way
home.

But the old Magitian it seems
was unwilling we should part so,
and therefore once more presented
himself, he did not walk but glide
along, and got home before I saw
him stir, his Hand was so cold,
that mine whereon he laid it, was
benumb'd for a fortnight after, he
neither opened his Eyes nor his
Mouth, but in deep silence con-
ducted me out of the wood, and
over some Fields to the dreadful
ruines of a long since dismantled
Castle, where the ages for this
100 years have been labouring to
carry the Chambers into the Cel-
lars, under which in a deep Vault
was his constant Residence.

As

(13)

As soon as we entred this In-
chanted Mansion, boast thy self
young man (said he turning towards
me) to have seen face to face the
famous *Agrippa* whose Soul, by
Metempsychosis heretofore was in-
corporated in the renowned Do-
ctor *Faustus*, and long since inspired
the Learned *Zoroastes* King of the
Bactrians: Since (almost two ages)
that I have disappeared to men, I
have preserved my self with *aurum*
potabile in such a vigorous state of
health, that no disease durst ever
invade me, every twenty years I
swallow a quantity of the Universal
Medicine, which renews my youth,
and restores to my Body its decayed
forces: didst thou (continued he)
consider the three Vials presented
to me by the Prince of the Fiery
Demons: The first of them was full
of this Elixar, the second of pow-
der of projection, and the third of

B 2

Oyl

Oyl of Bones. Nor art thou a little
 obliged to me since I have made
 choice of thee amongst all mortal
 Race, to be present at these myste-
 ries, which I celebrate but once in
 four Lustres; and that thou mayst
 not be ignorant who it is has done
 thee this honour; let me tell thee,
 'tis (by my charms) in my power
 at my pleasure to render a Country
 fruitful or barren, i stirr up Warrs
 by breeding dissention amongst
 those *Genii* that govern Kings; I
 teach the Wolfs *Pater Noster*, and
 the cunning man how to manage
 the Sheers and turn the Seive; I
 send *Jacks* with Lanthorns, and
Will with Wisps to Marshes and
 Fens, to allure benighted Travellers
 out of their way, over Hedges,
 and drown them in Ditches, I
 send out the Fairies and Elves to
 Dance and Revel together by
 Moon-light, and encourage the
 Game.

Gamesters to look under the Gallows for the Four of Clubs; I raise at Mid-night the silent Ghosts from their Dormitories, wrapt in a sheet to plague their negligent Heirs, for not performing those Vows they made to them at their Deaths; I command Spirits to haunt old Monasteries, and uninhabited Castles, and to strangle all that come to Lodge there, till some resolute fellows compells them to discover the treasure they so long have Brooded over; I make those whom I would enrich find hidden wealth, and teach Thieves to burn Candles of Deadmens Grease to lay Fools asleep, whilst they Rob their Houses: I give the flying Money that return again to the Pocket after 'tis spent, and cheat covetous Misers with a bagfull of dry Oak Leaves instead of Guinny and Georges; I make those Amulets that render the wear-

ers Musquet proof, and Philters to ingratiate Lovers with their mistresses. 'Tis I clatter the doors when they are fast bolted, and invisibly humble the Dishes and Glasses without breaking them; I learn Mountebanks to drive away an Ague by writing *Abacadabra* on Virgin Parchment, and old Women to cure a Feaver by another charm equally Nonsensical and blasphemous; I awaken the Country Fellow on Midsummer Eve to gather his Herb fasting and in silence, and young Wenches to watch on St. *Agnes* Nights; I teach Witches to assume the shape of Wolves and eat Children, to turn themselves into Hares, and be hunted all Day, and at Night make their escape from the Hounds in at a Window, and when any happen to cut off one of their Leggs (which to morrow proves such an old womans Arm) I forsake them; when
they

they are tryed, I keep them above Water like bladders, that they cannot sink, and leave them in the power of Justice, yet at the Gallows allow nothing to Tuck them up but a Wyth; I send to the discontented and envious, the tall man in black with the Cloven Foot, who makes them promises of great riches and other felicities: If they'l but make him a Feeoffment with Livery and Seizing of their Souls, and then blind them that take bargains of him; for when they agree for a term of Life of thirty years, I make them see the (3) before the (o) which I have placed after it; 'tis I that strang'e those that raise me out of a wanton curiosity, and give me neither imployment nor reward, but very civilly take leave of those, that when they have called me up, give me a hair, an old Shoe, or a straw; I take away from
de-

dedicated Churches the stones that are not paid for, and often demolish in the Night what was built in the Day; I make a *Convensicle* of Witches seem to those that are invited to Sabat, nothing but a troop of Cats, of which *Marion* is Prince. I send all the confederates to the offering, and give them the Goats Tail (seated on a Joynt-stool) to kifs; I treat them splendidly, but allow them no salt to their meat, and if any stranger ignorant of their laudable customes offer to say Grace, I cause all forthwith to Vanish, and leave him Five hundred Miles from his own home in a desert of Nettles and Bramble-bushes; I sometimes play the Pimp by sending plump Succuba's to old Leach-ers Beds, and furnish with incubusses those wanton Widdows that will not go to the charge of *Dil----*
I am the Syre of the Oak, and the
first

first that contriv'd the *Legerdemain*
 of the Changling; I convey Hob-
 goblins in the shape of a long piece
 of Marble, to lye by those that go
 to bed without making the Sign of
 the Cross; I teach *Necromancers* to
 destroy their Enemies by making a
 little Image in Wax, which they
 throwing into the Fire or pricking.
 The original is sensible of those
 Torments they expose the Figure
 to; I make Witches insensible in
 those parts where the Ram hath
 set his Seal, and give a secret virtue
 to *Nolite fari*, when said backwards
 that it hinders the Goodwives But-
 ter from coming, whom yet I
 teach to be even with the Hagg, by
 stabbing the Cream with a red hot
 Spit; I intrusted *Stia*----- to dispo-
 sets persons Bedivel'd, and white
 Witches to marvel the inchant-
 ments of black ones, I taught plow
 Jobbers to lay under the ground of
 that

that Sheepfold they have a mind to destroy, a Lock of hair or a Toad with three curses that kills all the Sheep that pass over it, as also to stick a broken Needle in the threshold of the Bridal Chamber, or tie such a knot at the moment that the Ring is first put on, as shall make an eager lusty young Bridegroom, impotent; I let loose the Hobgoblin against the *Christmas* Holy days, and order him to rowl a Barrel, draw a Chain, or huty a Coach along Streets in the Night, that he may have the happy opportunity of wringing off their Necks that look out at Windows; I teach Crundal the compolure of Charms, Lamens, Sigils, Taliunan, spells, Christsals, Pentacles, Magick Looking-glasses, and Geomantick Figures, how to find the Misselto of the new Year, the wandring Herbs, the Gama-hely, the Weapon Salve, and mag-
ne,

netique Plaister; I send the Goblins, the Shodmule, the Nightmare, the Sprites, the Hobgoblins, the Hags, the Night-bats, the Break-necks, the black Men and green Women, the Familiars, the Pugs, the Ghosts, and the Shadow. In fine I am the Prince of the Airs *Vice-Roy*, Deputy Lieutenant to the degraded Seraphin, the fairy Protector, the Jew-Errant, the High Priest of the Holy Crots, the Genus of *No-fredamus*, the Dæmon of *Misfoon*, and the Drummer of *Tedworth*, I am he would have proceeded with a tedious Harangue of his power and Titles, had not a small spiritual officer in the shape of a Flitter-mouse interrupted him by a whisper in the Ear, which obliged the Magician to tell me, he must omit the rest he intended to have said, till another opportunity, for at present he was staid for by a gang of Lap-Land-Witches
that

that came to treat with him about a new Bargain of Bottled wings, whereby they proposed to themselves to make very considerable advantages during these Wars, saying thus, he mounts a flying Dragon that presented it self ready Bridled and Saddled, and in the twinkling of an Eye disappeared.

When thinking to Ruminare a while on the strange Novelties of this uncouth Adventure: I found my self in the before mentioned Grove, under the shade of a spreading Sycamore, carelessly laid along, on a rising Bank that was covered with a fresh green Mantle Embroidered with Cowslips and Violets, and have ever since strongly suspected not only this formidable apparition, but most other stories of that Nature to be nothing but Dreams.

F I N I S.





*A Catalogue of Books Printed for
Thomas Palmer at the Crown in
Westminster-Hall. 1671.*

1. **R**ome exactly described, or a Relation of the present State of that Court, made at the late Council of *Pregadis*, in two curious Discourses, by the most Excellent the Lord *Angelo Corcavo* Ambassador from the most serene Republick of *Venice*, written in Italian and made English by *John Bultot* Gent. large Octavo. price 1 s. 6. d.

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several

several Occasions, by the most Famous and Eminent Wits of the said University, price 1 s.

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F I N I S.

*Collected by
21/4/1712*